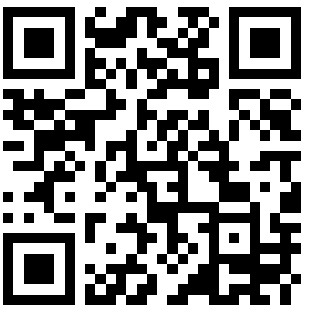
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

https://books.google.com



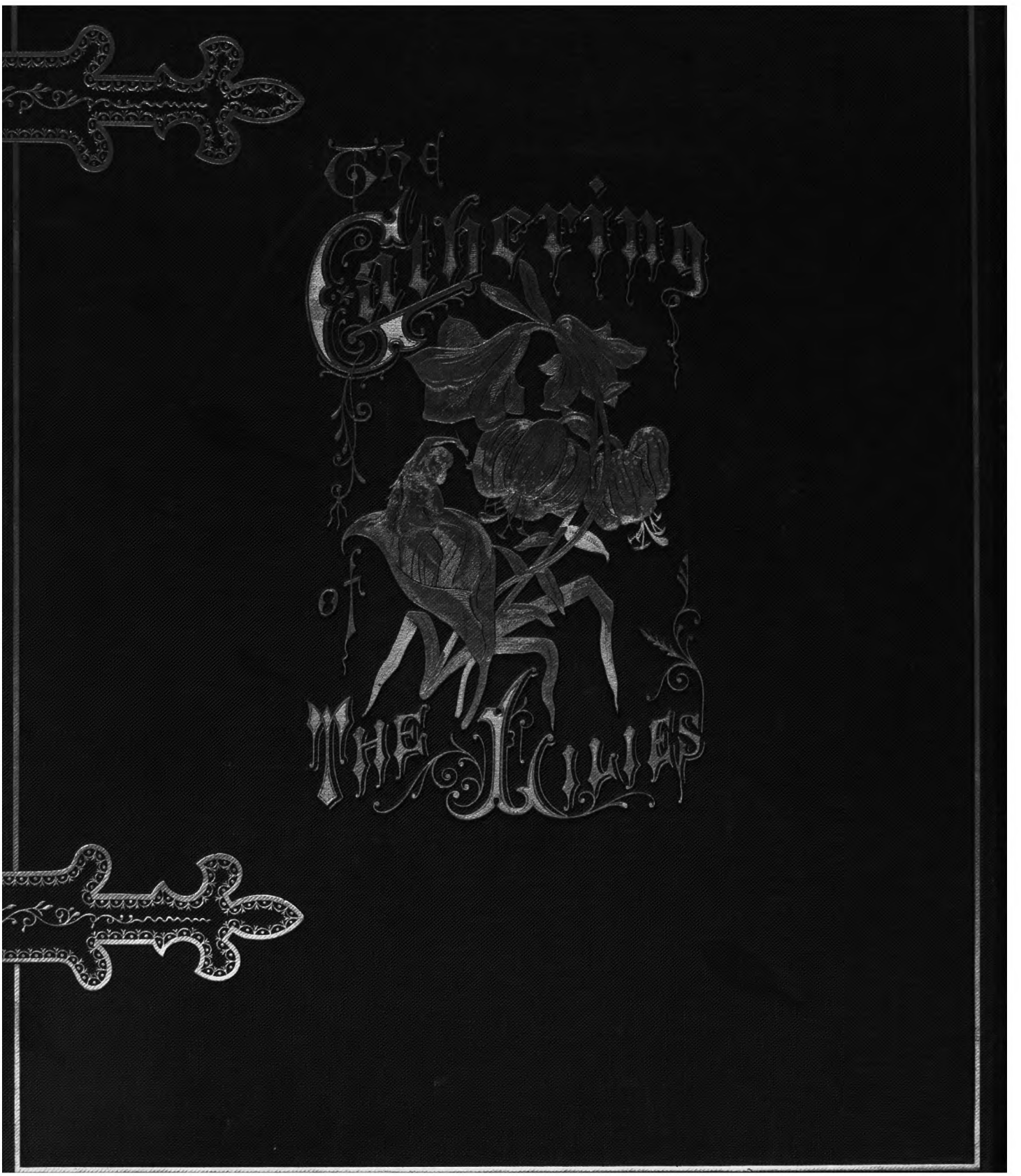
The Offering of the Lilies





Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

11011H1
200

THE LIBRARY



CLASS 81W5878
BOOK 90G

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Florence Charles

December 25th. 1877

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Gathering of the Allies.

Illustrated by the author,

L. (CLARKSON.) Whitelock

AUTHOR OF

"Violet, with Eyes of Blue."

Colored Plates and Lithographic Etching.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. L. SIBOLE & CO.

PUBLISHERS.

JANSEN, McCLURG & CO., CHICAGO.

Digitized by Google

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1877.
By J. L. SIBOLE,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

A. HOEN & CO.
Lithographers and Printers, Baltimore, Md.

Digitized by Google

81W5873
qOG

Table of Contents.

Poems.

I.—Dedication, *J. G. Whittier*,
II.—The Gathering of the Lilies.
III.—To The Easter Lily.
IV.—Fast Little Miss Crocus.
V.—Buried Lilies.
VI.—The Last Lily.
VII.—Crowned.

Illustrations.

Frontispiece.	*Water Color*
Japan Lily,	*Crayon Drawings.*
Garden Lily,	" "
Meadow Lily,	" "
Lily of the Valley,	" "
Day Lily,	" "
Tiger Lily,	" "
Water Lily,	" "
Calla Lily,	" "
Easter Lily,	*Water Color.*
Miss Crocus, "Morning,"	*Etching.*
Miss Crocus, "Evening,"	*Etching.*
Buried Lilies,	*Water Color.*
Last Lily,	*Etching after Gilbert*
Crowned,	*Water Color.*
Lily of St. Joseph,	*Etching*

1027868

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

DEDICATED

TO F. S.

REMEMBRANCE.

"For the calm thy kindness lent
To a path of discontent,
Rough with trial and dissent;

Gentle words where such were few,
Softening blame where blame was true,
Praising where small praise was due;

For a waking dream made good,
For an ideal understood,
For thy christian womanhood;

For thy marvelous gift to cull
From our common life and dull
Whatsoe'er is beautiful;

Thoughts and fancies, Hybla's bees
Dropping sweetness; true heart's-ease
Of congenial sympathies;—

Still for these I own my debt;
Memory with her eyelids wet,
Fain would thank thee even yet!

And as one who scatters flowers
Where the Queen of May's sweet hours
Sits, o'ertwined with blossomed bowers,

In superfluous zeal bestowing
Gifts where gifts are overflowing,
So I pay the debt I'm owing,

Well assured that thou wilt take
Even the offering which I make
Kindly for the giver's sake."

J. G. Whittier.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Gathering of the Lilies.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Japan Lily.

"We are lilies, every one
Nodding brightly to the sun,
Proud and happy to be won
By his glance.
Not a flower is so gay
As we are, the live-long day,
And with butterflies we play
And flit and dance."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Garden Lily.

We are royal lilies, too,

Just as richly born as you,

And we bear the perfume true

In our breath.

But in quiet we would grow,

In the zephyr swinging slow;

We think life is easier so,

And easier death."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Meadow Lily.

I'm a tiny Meadow Lily;

You great flowers call me silly

And you look so very chilly

When you smile.

But the children love to play

With me every Summer day:

If you've children here, I'll stay

Just a while.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Lily of the Valley.

Pass us by, for we are pale,
Little lilies of the vale;
God hath made us very frail,
Yet we give
Love to all the flowers that grow,
And the flowers love us so;
We are happier than you know,
Just to live.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Day Lily.

We are lilies, looking down,
Modest in our glistening gown
As the cow-slip dressed in brown;
For we say,
Surely we are born in state;
But our honors will not wait,
And our life, early and late,
Is a day.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Tiger Lily

Surely, friends, I bear your name;
Do not look at me with blame,
And so sadly put to shame
My yellow face.
I am lily-born like you;
But the morning bath in dew
Will not make me fair to view
As my race."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google





Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Water Lily.

We are lilies of the lake,

Never more than half awake;

Even in our dreams, we make

Music sweet.

We go sailing, sailing by,

Underneath the happy sky,

Happy at our ease to lie

In rest complete."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

See where comes their lovely queen!
Down her robe of velvet green
Flows the royal satin sheen,
    Pearly white.
And her face is high and fair;
Never mortal queen could wear
Such a grand and stately air
    As this sprite.

To their sovereign low they bow;
Yet each would be first,—and now
Clamors each to deck her brow
    With honors sought.
But the valley-lily, from
The dark curtains of her home,
In her sweet content is dumb,
    Asking nought.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Calla Lily.

Listen to th' imperious call:

"Lilies! Lilies! silence all;

In my peerless presence fall

At my feet.

I have come my crown to share:—

On my bosom I will bear

The valley-lily, who is fair

As she is sweet."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

To the Easter Lily.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

To the Easter Lily.

O Easter Lily, lift your shining head;
Brush off the shadow of the barren mould;
For Winter, who hath bound you fast, is dead,
And Summer wooes you to his heart of gold.

Sleep, Christmas Lilies, 'neath the Christmas snow
For on your white lips is the kiss of death,
And while the happy hours come and go,
Still shall we wait and miss your fragrant breath.

Wake, O June Lilies! stir in your green beds,
Whisper life's secret to your listening heart;
The Sun, himself, shall crown your royal heads
When you have burst your thousand buds apart.

Bloom now, O Easter Lilies! wreathe and twine
Your silver stars around the glad, new earth;
The last year's leaf hath died that you may shine,
And there is Resurrection in your birth.

April 1, 1877.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Fast Little Miss Crocus.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Fast Little Miss Crocus.



Time folks was gettin' up–
They're so slow.
I've been awake here
Hours ago!

Reckon I'll peep out:—
Who's afraid?
That dark aint nothin',
Only shade.

Been here long enough
In my bed:
Guess I'll push blanket
Off my head.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

My Stars! what a world!
Ain't it white!
I b'lieve the clouds fell
Down in the night.

I smell somethin':
My! that's good!
Must be Arbutus
Up in the wood.

If there ain't Snow-drop!
Seems to me
She'd better stay where
She oughter be.

Wonder what brought her
Out so soon.
S'pose she thought 'twas
Afternoon.

She'll get her nose nipped:
Serve her right!
Small children like her
Must keep out o' sight.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Wind needn't blow so!
Makes such a din.
Good gracious!—guess I'd
Better go in.

Where's my blanket gone?
Cold hurts so.
Poor little Crocus is
Freezin' up—oh!

B'lieve I'm an orphan, now;
—Goin' to—die!
And be—an angel—
Up in the sky!



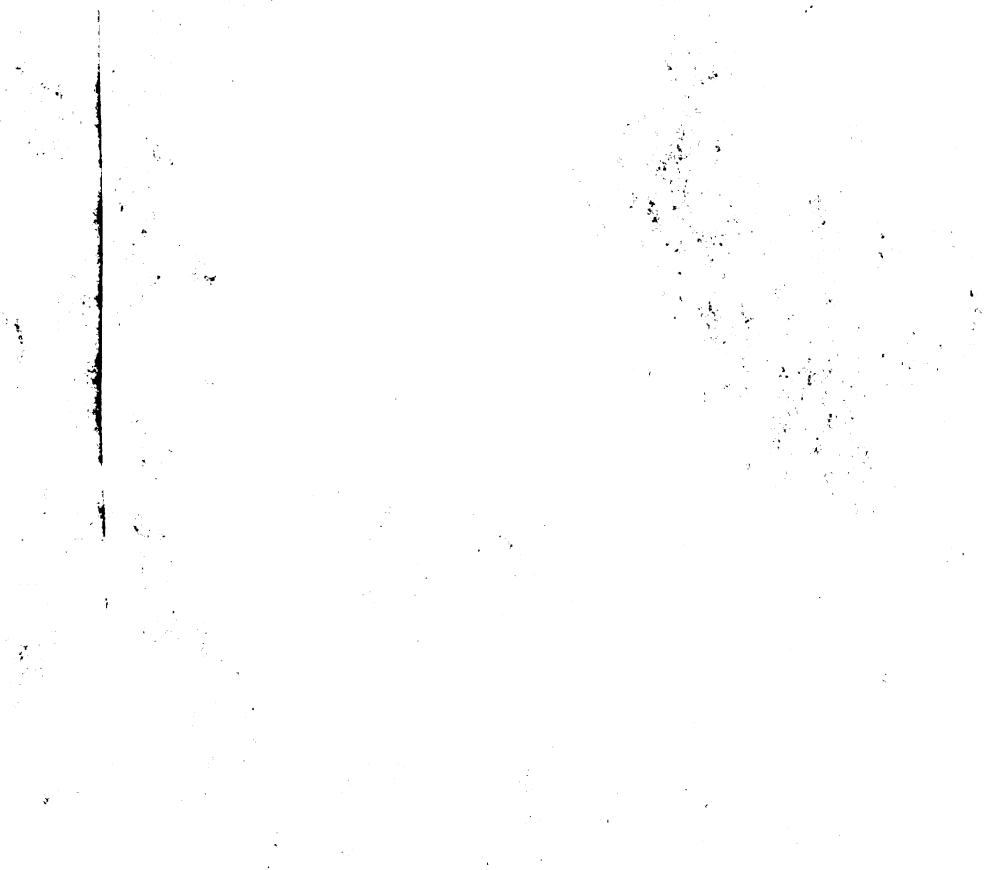
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Buried Lilies.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Buried Lilies.

Written for Taubert's Cradle Song.

A white and wintry sky
From which the snow-flakes fly;
A wide and white and wintry world,
To which the flying snow is hurled;
Whereon it lies, as we all must,
And, like us, mingles with the dust,
Where wait the flowers, in graves unseen,
Until the Spring is green.

Across the plain, the sheep,
Wet and forsaken creep;
The north-wind is not tempered to
The bleating lamb or shivering ewe.
Is there, nowhere, a sheltering fold
Where they can wait, from storm and cold,
For Summer shine, through Winter sheen,
To make their pastures green?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

A sad and hopeless heart,
    From which the tear-drops start,
And fall across the lonely life
Where joys are dead, and storms are rife;
Where skies have early lost their gold,
And far-off seems the sheltering fold;—
Yet hope has prayers, her tears between,
    And keeps her memory green.

O earth beneath thy snow!
    O heart beneath thy woe!
The snow melts lightly in the dust,
Through which the buried lilies thrust.
And grief and death shall pass away,
When God has brought us into day;
So through things seen, to the unseen,
    He keeps His Heaven green.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Last Lily.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The Last Lily.



"O my lost love!
And my own love!
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink
In the world above
Where they listen for words from below?"

JEAN INGELOW.

She seemed like one in a painful dream,
And she brooded the whole day long;
And over and over she said to herself
The words of the sad, lone song.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

And in her lap, all wet with her tears,
Was a lily, brown and dead—
"He kissed my hand when he gave me this;
'Twas the last he gave me," she said.

And the anxious mother watched her face,
And questioned her: "O Lucile,
Why will you dream this dream of woe,
When you dreamed no dream of weal?

"You have said you would that he came no more;
You have said he was nothing to you"—
"I was false to him in his life," she said,
"In his death I will be true."

But the mother cried: "What is truth to him
When it cometh now, too late?
What use to cherish a memory flower
Beside the grave of his fate?

"He came and went through the Summer days,
And you wished him far away;
You never longed for his coming then,
Why long, my child, to-day?

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"He came and went through the winter nights,
And he vexed you—I know not how;
And you prayed, "forget me"—O Lucile!
Why not forget him now?

"He came when the skies were fair or dark,
And his presence was ever a cross"—
"O mother! How could I tell," she sobbed,
That his absence would be loss?

"I might have loved him and blest his life
That he kept so empty for me,"—
("Nay, dear, but his life," she said, "is filled
With the things of eternity.")

"O hard remorse! why follow my soul
With chidings all the day long?
He hath won more than love of mine could give
And he hath forgotten the wrong."

"Nay, child, is it wrong when a woman's heart
Cannot answer a good man's love?
If she's true, the angels will call her pure,
And pity her, up above.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"O loss! O change! is it fair to throw
Such a halo around his name,
When, if wishing were changed to reality,
She must deny him the same?"

"O helpless retrospect! Why efface
The truth, and leave but the dream?
If he could return, he would never be
To her, what it makes him seem.

"If he came again from his radiant home,
Where, at last, his love hath "forgot,"
With the old familiar look—Lucile,
Would you welcome him back, or not?

"If you heard, to night, through the driving rain,
The step you so often have heard,
I think you would turn away as before,
And never give him a word.

"You would find, if his heart were just as warm,
That yours could be just as cold,
And his wooing just as weary a thing,
As ever in days of old."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"Stay, mother!" she cried—"in those careless years
He was faithfulest, truest of men;
He loved me above all my waywardness,
And I could not love him then;

"And I know, if his going home were a dream
And I'd waken to find him to-day,
My woman's heart would be true to its fate,
And I'd wish him far away.

"But because he hath grown unconscious of me,
I would have him seek me yet;
And because I gave him not what he sought
My life is sharp with regret.

"For he stretched out his arms to me to the end,
And I helped him not. Now dim,
As his eyes in death, are mine with tears,
And I stretch out my arms to him."

"You loved him not, yet you think of him so?
Lucile, your words are wild;
His love was no more than other loves
That are reaching to you, my child."

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

But she said: "Other loves are nothing to me,
Because of one face I miss;
Because on my lap no lilies are laid,
And on my hands no kiss.

"And his fond, fond love to my thought comes back,
And I know it was pure and strong;
But I shall have it no more—no more,
Tho' the years be ever so long.

"And I know, as the seasons come and go,
And I sit here all alone,
I shall keep in my heart the old, sad song,
And sing it for my own."

"How could I tell
I would love him to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know
I would love him away,
When I did not love him anear?"

JEAN INGELOW.

Digitized by Google

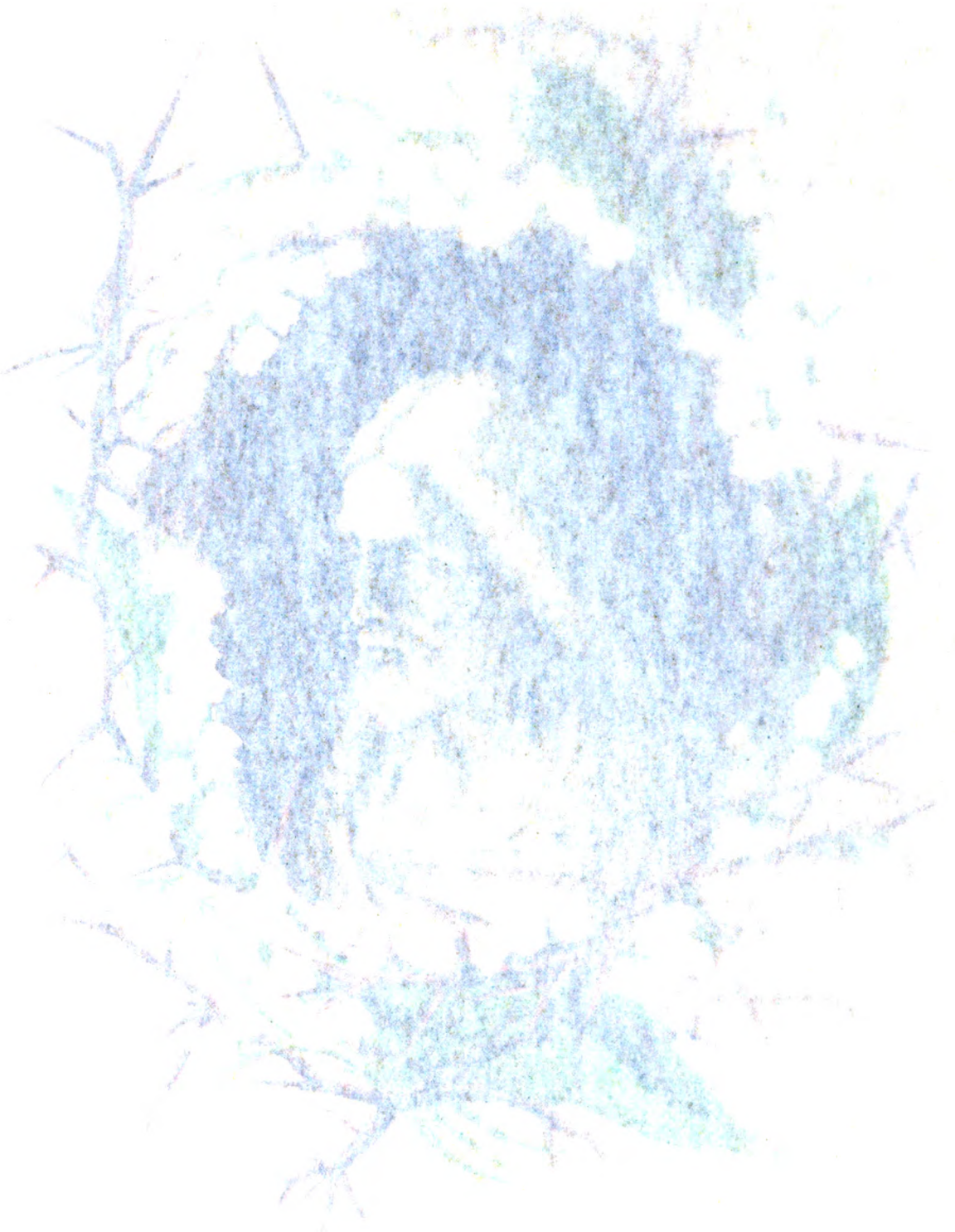
Digitized by Google

Crowned.

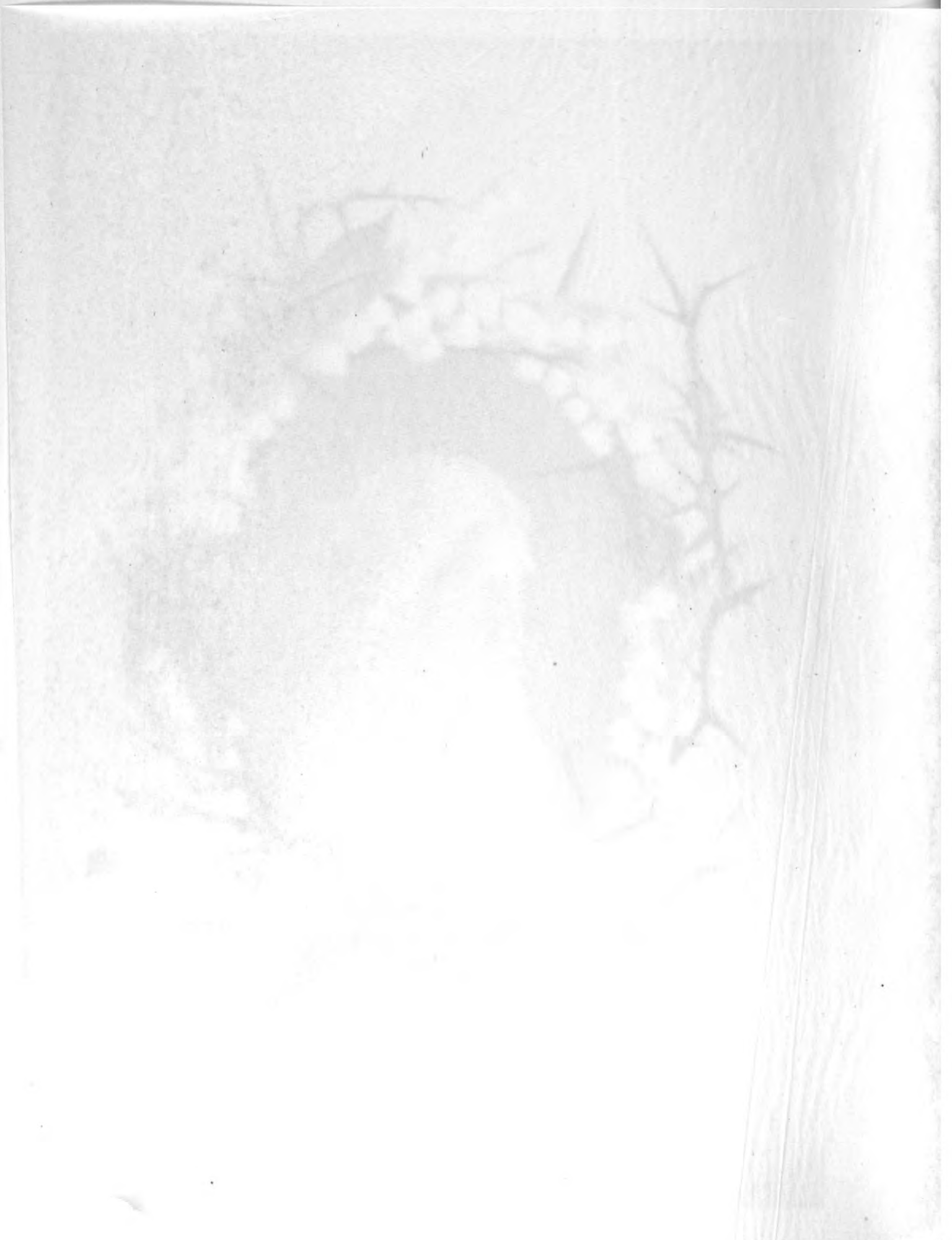
Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CROWNED.

"As the lily among thorns, so is my love."

RABBONI! who hath crowned Thee with these thorns?
O Master! who hath bowed Thy human head?
Who is it, Lord, that hath betrayed Thee thus?—
"'Who is it?'—Thou, that speakest it, hast said'—
The careless one that dips with Me the bread.

"Ye deck Me in the purple of your scorn;
The cross of your rejection is on Me;
And weeping angels see Me daily led,
By your denials, unto Calvary:—
And ask ye, who can the betrayer be?"

O Jesus! and has He no human friends
In all this weary cruel human place?
Will no one see the pathos of His love
Upon His wounded, white, and stricken face,
And in the shameful thorns, His sufferings trace?

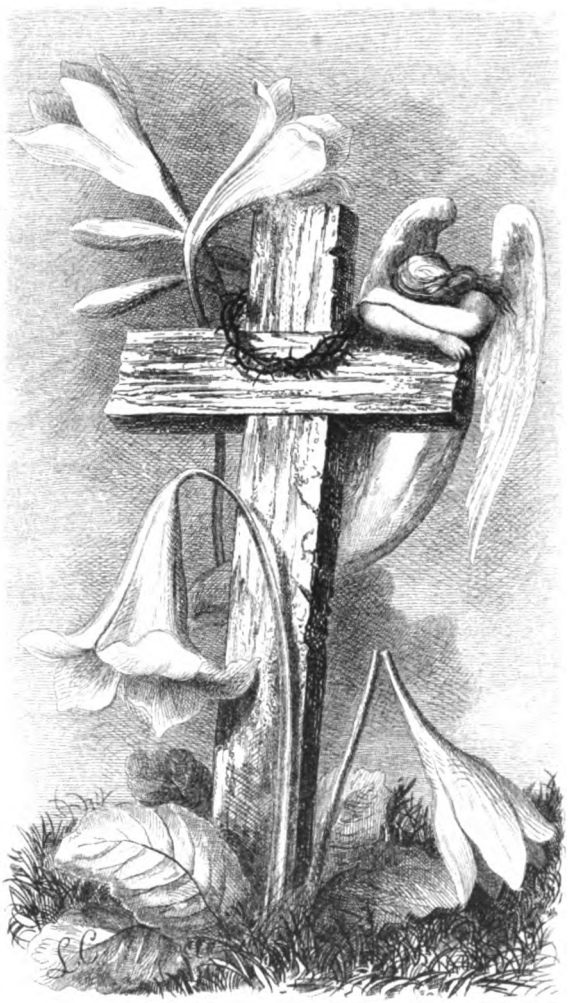
Oh! for some sinless, worthy, human hand
To lift the marring thorns from off His brow.
O gentle King!—King of humility!
No crown is half divine enough; for Thou
Art crowned with Thy majestic patience now.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"And would ye crown Me? O dim-sighted souls!
Behold, My crown shall be your faithfulness.
Yet bring the meek white lilies, for a sign
Among man's thorns, of God's forgivingness,
And round my head the cool, wet petals press.

"Then shall I wear a crown so lowly, that
The princes of this world deny my birth.
'I am the Lily of the Valleys,' and
I scatter my white peace throughout the earth,
And the redeemed, alone, confess its worth."



THE LILY OF ST. JOSEPH

Digitized by Google

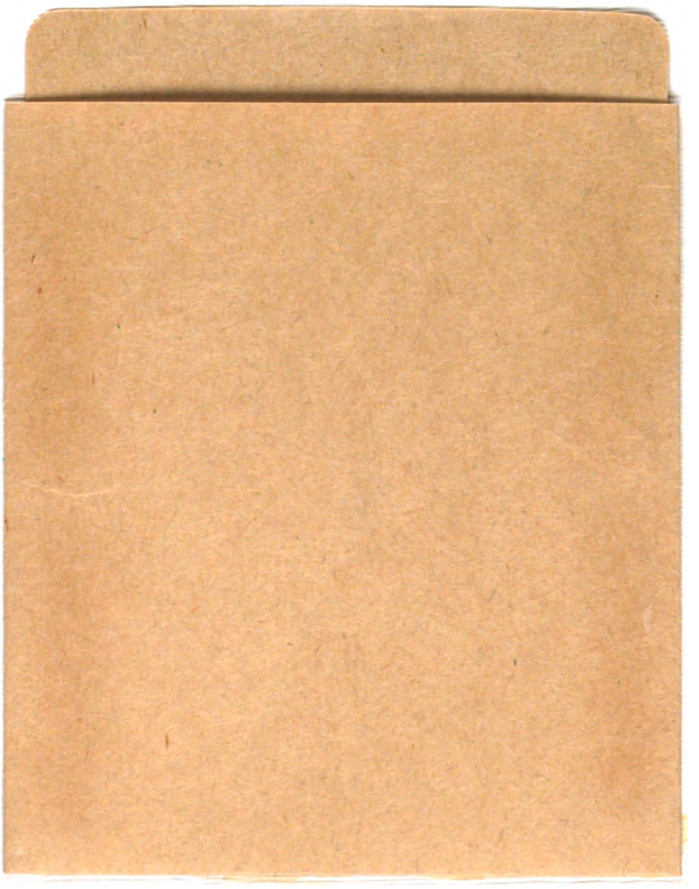
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
wils
Quarto 81W5878 OG
Whitelock, Louise Clarkson, 1865-1928.
The gathering of the lilies / illustrate
3 1951 002 021 552 5

MINITEX
Minnesota Library Access Center
9ZAR05D10S13TF3

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
wils
Quarto 81W5878 OG
Whitelock, Louise Clarkson, 1865-1928.
The gathering of the lilies / illustrate
3 1951 002 021 552 5

MINITEX
Minnesota Library Access Center
9ZAR05D10S13TF3

81W5878

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
wils
Quarto 81W5878 OG
Whitelock, Louise Clarkson, 1865-1928.
The gathering of the lilies / illustrate
3 1951 002 021 552 5

MINITEX
Minnesota Library Access Center
9ZAR05D10S13TF3

Digitized by Google